

The Plymouth Republican.

VOLUME 23.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1879.

NUMBER 13.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business cards, 5 Cts. per year.
Special rates given to regular advertisers.
Legal advertisements as regulated by law.
Home and transient advertisements made known on application.
Church and society announcements, marriage and death notices, 10 Cts.
Local notices, in body type, 10 cents per line, first insertion; second insertion 5 cents.
Job Printing on the most favorable terms.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. A. BORTON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Post Office Block, dwelling on East Side
South of the city.

DR. J. M. JENNINGS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office with
Dr. N. Sherman over Lauer's Store, on
Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind. Residence
on Center street, opposite Catholic church,
city.

AMASA JOHNSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Prompt attention given
to collections, disbursements, and other
business. Also drafts, mortgages, and other
contracts drawn up and acknowledged taken.

P. O. JONES,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public.
Prompt attention given to all claims and col-
lections left in his care. Office in corner of
Center and LaPorte streets, Plymouth, Ind.

C. M. REEVE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Located in 1864.
A collection of real estate, a specialty.
Buys and sells real estate on commis-
sion. Leases in all directions. Office in
corner of Michigan and LaPorte streets,
Plymouth, Ind.

DR. I. B. WER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, will be
pleased to receive patients at his office,
No. 11 Michigan street, where he may be
found at all times, except when he is out of
the city. His residence being at the same
place. July 1st, 1878.

Wm. N. BAILEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Thirty years
experience. Graduate of two medical col-
leges and six years surgeon in the army of
the U. S. (vol. serv.) Can complete suc-
cessfully with any kind of the United States.
Thankful for patronage. Office in corner
of Michigan and LaPorte streets, in a
new brick cor. of Michigan and LaPorte
streets, Plymouth, Ind., July 1st, 1878.

J. O. S. D. & J. W. PARKS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Located in 1864.
A collection of real estate, a specialty.
Buys and sells real estate on commis-
sion. Leases in all directions. Office in
corner of Michigan and LaPorte streets,
Plymouth, Ind.

C. R. CHANEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all
the courts in this state. Office in corner of
Michigan and LaPorte streets, Plymouth,
Ind.

Mrs. E. W. DUNLAP,
HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Dentist,
and Dr. J. A. Dunlap, regular physician and
surgeon, respectfully offer their profes-
sional services. Office in corner of Michi-
gan and LaPorte streets, Plymouth, Ind.

WILLIAM S. HESS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Plymouth, Ind.

JOHN S. BENDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
BALCONY BLOCK, - - - PLYMOUTH, IND.

A. C. A. S. CAPRON,
Attorneys & Counselors
AT LAW.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
OFFICE—L. WHEELER'S BLOCK,
PLYMOUTH, IND.

J. B. N. KLINGER,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, Examiner of
Titles and Civil Engineer.
Will furnish a complete Abstract of Titles to lands
in this state, and will also act as a residence,
on Madison street, north of Court house square,
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

W. H. MERSHON,
Teacher of
Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Will be in Plymouth every Monday and Tuesday,
Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, voice culture and
harmony. Leave orders at C. W. Johnson's music
room. Oct 5, 1878.

JOHN C. KUHN,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Fine Boot and Shoemaker,
uses the best stock to be obtained, guarantees an
easy fit, and charges reasonable rates.

REPAIRING
Neatly done on short notice. Satisfaction given in
all repairs. Room No. 2, Exchange block,
PLYMOUTH, IND. 1878

DENTISTS.
F. M. BURKET,
Dentist, Office over
Becker's Store,
opposite Post Office.
All work warranted
to give entire satis-
faction in every re-
spect. Office in
corner of Michigan and
LaPorte streets,
Plymouth, Ind.

DR. A. C. HUME,
Dentist, Office over
Becker's Store,
opposite Post Office.
All work warranted
to give entire satis-
faction in every re-
spect. Office in
corner of Michigan and
LaPorte streets,
Plymouth, Ind.

DENTIST!
Office in Second story, Post Office Building
Teeth from one only, to a
full set, so cheap that the
rich and poor can all
GET THEM.
Preservation of the Natural Teeth
A SPECIALTY.

C. D. DURR,
Dentist, Office over
Becker's Store,
opposite Post Office.
All work warranted
to give entire satis-
faction in every re-
spect. Office in
corner of Michigan and
LaPorte streets,
Plymouth, Ind.

DENTIST!
Office over Parks Bros.' Law
Office, Gano Street.
Plymouth, Ind.

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DENTIST!
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Plymouth, Ind.

Beginning Again.

When, sometimes, our feet grow weary,
On the rugged hills of life—
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor and strife—
We pause on the tolling journey,
Gazing backward in valley and glen,
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and begin again.

For behind is the dawn of the morning,
In all its freshness and life,
And before are doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night,
We passed so bravely through,
We passed so bravely through,
And with a passionate longing,
To return and begin again.

Ab, vain, indeed, is the asking!
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who dare shrink from the labor,
Or shirk for the sunshine that's gone,
And it may be, not far off before us
Wait fairer places than then,
Life's path may not lead by still waters
Though we may not begin again.

Forevermore upward and onward
Be our path on the hills of life,
And soon will a radiant dawn
Transfigure the toil and the strife,
And our father's hand will lead us
To a fairer place than then,
In the joy and peace of another world
We'll begin again.

VAN TASSEL'S GHOST.

CHAPTER III.

It was perhaps a week after this
that Lena expressed a wish to visit a
young friend, residing some two or
three miles distant, and, as in duty
bound, Ichabod accompanied her.
The visit was undoubtedly a very
pleasant one, and the hours slipped
away so delightfully, that the moon
had already silvered the tree-tops,
ere they set out upon their return.
About half a mile from the family
mansion, was a thick wood, some rods
in extent, and as they entered its
gloomy depths, which the rays of the
moon had not yet penetrated, Ichabod,
screwing up his courage, began
to talk and jest loudly, and even ven-
tered upon saying several very ten-
der things to Lena.

Suddenly was heard a hollow groan!
Ichabod dropped the reins, and his
hair stood erect with terror.
Another groan still deeper.

"Lena, did you not hear some-
thing?" tremulously asked Ichabod.
But having a moment before, com-
menced singing, "Meet Me by Moon-
light," she probably heard neither the
question nor its cause, or she would
undoubtedly have answered.

A tall, white figure, with fiery eye-
balls, now rushed across the road—
bounded into the wagon—bounced
Ichabod out, heels over head—then
quietly dropping into the vacant seat,
uttered another tremendous groan, or
rather howl, and drove rapidly away
with Lena.

And was not she almost frightened
to death? Why, bless you, no; on
the contrary, she laughed immoder-
ately, and so did the ghost!

"Poor fellow!" she exclaimed, at
length, "I hope he is not hurt!"

"Never fear," cried the ghost, drop-
ping off his head, and dis-playing in
lieu, the round, roguish one of Paul
Britton, "I took good care to aim at
a pile of dry leaves—now tell me,
dear Lena, how does the plot suc-
ceed?"

"Oh, admirably, Paul," replied the
naughty girl. "I really believe at
times he is afraid of me, for I have
caught him looking at me in such a
queer manner! I told him last night
that, as uncle would it so, I supposed
I must marry him, but that he might
have cause to repent of it—I added,
too, in a very significant manner,
that strange things had been done
within the walls of the old house, and
might be again!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Good! well what did
he say?"

"O, turned pale, and left the room;
and I believe has already hinted to
an uncle that he has altered his
mind, and would rather look for another
wife."

"And that he shall do pretty quick,
by all my hopes of matrimony!" ex-
claimed Paul.

But we will shut our ears to the
many tender vows uttered on the
way home, and merely state, that af-
ter leaving Lena safely under the lit-
tle trellised porch, Paul started home-
ward, plodding on, pale, frightened
and weeping! Of course, Paul was
most astonished at the encounter:

"Why, my dear friend, is it possible
this is you! Why, what is the mat-
ter? how pale you look—or is it the
moon!"

Ichabod gasped out, "It's the
ghost!"

"Ah! what, again?"

And Paul listened attentively to a
somewhat exaggerated account of
the evening's adventure, throwing in
at the right intervals all the proper
"ohs!" and "ahs!" of astonishment.

"And Lena, Ichabod—good heav-
ens! what became of her?"

"I don't know, indeed! I could see
nothing, but I heard the rattling of
wheels, and what seemed to me
shouts of fiendish laughter."

"Is it possible? Em—em—then
the ghost must have driven off with
her? Yes, yes, plain enough—plain
enough!" added Paul, half aside.

"Ichabod, I tell you what it is," he
continued, speaking with great em-
phasis, "unless you instantly render
your marriage with that girl impos-
sible, you are ruined, body and soul
your case is dreadful!"

"But how? what can I do?" said
the poor, frightened fellow—"only ad-
vise me, and I will do as you think
best—for, Paul, you must know I—

that is—I mean there is a look about
Lena sometimes which I do not like,
and she has more than once hinted
about—about Von Geison."

"Just as I thought. Now listen to
me, Ichabod."

"But hadn't I better go and look
after Lena, first?"

"Don't trouble yourself about her—
ghosts are not so polite to some peo-
ple without a reason!" quoth Paul.

"No, no; she is safe enough at home,
I'll warrant; nay, more, I should not
wonder if she should deny all knowl-
edge of what has transpired, and in-
sist upon it that you drove her home."

"Why, 'tain't possible!" said Ichabod.

"Well, you'll see. But about this
marriage—now, Ichabod, there is but
one way, as I can see, for you to
avoid it—you must marry somebody
else!"

"Somebody else?"

"Yes, you must, and there's no 'ifs'
'ands' about it. I'm your friend
—now go home—think of all the girls
you know, and decide upon the future
Mrs. Van Tassel, no matter how
homely, old, or ugly she is, anything
to escape—you know what. I will
see you to-morrow. Good-night,
keep clear of that willow tree where
the murderess hung herself. Good-
night!"

And, sure enough, when Ichabod
reached home he found Lena sitting
before a great fire, eating walnuts, as
comfortable as possible.

"Why, Ichabod!" she exclaimed, as
he entered, "how long it has taken
you to put out the horse! See, I have
cracked all these nuts for you since
you have been gone."

Ichabod drew himself up close in
the corner.

"Lena, when did you get home?"

"Why, you know, cousin Ichabod,
the clock was striking eight as we
came in."

"We came in!" said Ichabod, turn-
ing very pale. "Who came in?"

"Who came in! why, who should
come in but you and I! But how
will you look—mercy on me, how
your eyes roll!"

"Lena, didn't you see something—
an awful white thing—knock me out
of the wagon—and didn't that same
dreadful shape drive you home?"

"Heavens, Ichabod, you are crazy!
What shall I do? I am frightened to
death—I must run and call uncle!"

and springing from her chair, and ut-
tering a shriek as Ichabod attempted
to rise, she rushed out of the room.

But she forgot to call her uncle!

Whether Ichabod really loved Lena
or whether it was the fear of dis-
pleasing Mr. Van Tassel, I cannot say.
Certain it is, however, that notwith-
standing the entreaties and warnings
of his best friend, Paul Britton, and
the insinuations of the bridle elect,
coupled, too, with his own fears, he
remained wavering and undecided in
that momentous matter which might
alone rescue him from premature
death?

CHAPTER IV.

It was a disagreeable, dark, damp,
dismal, drizzling evening, of a Sat-
urday night, about three weeks from
the time appointed by Mr. Van Tas-
sel for the wedding. The wind
howled and moaned around the cor-
ners of the old house—patter, patter
came the sleet upon the shank thick-
ening panes—the trees shook their
leaved branches, creaking and groan-
ing over the low gambrel roof—in
fact, it was exactly such a night as
a ghost might choose to peep into the
doings of us mortals. The old
gentleman had gone to bed, partly
because he was sleepy, and partly
because the lovers might have a cozy
chat by themselves. And thus Lena
and Ichabod were left alone before a
huge, cheerful looking fire.

"How dreadfully the wind roars—
only hark, Ichabod!" exclaimed Lena,
shuddering, and approaching her
chair a little nearer to his. "I always
think on such nights as this that be-
ings from the other world are about
us!"

"Do you really think so?" faltered
Ichabod, in turn edging his chair
nearer to Lena.

"O don't ask me now!" she ex-
claimed—"hark!" did not you hear
something?" and she drew her chair
a little closer.

"N—o! did you?"

"Perhaps it was the cat!" said Lena,
looking timidly around, "but now as
we are alone, do tell me, Ichabod, if
you really think that the spirits of
Von Geison and his bride walk about
this house?"

"Well, Lena, I declare I almost do
believe it!" answered Ichabod, now
hitching his chair so close that their
garments touched.

"Ah! she was a noble girl, wasn't
she, cousin! but hark!—what noise is
that!"

At this moment the wind blew a fu-
rious gust—there was a crashing
around the windows—and then the
outer door flew wide open—but no
one entered!

Darkness there, and nothing more.

"Sh—sh—sh the door, Lena," cried
Ichabod, terror overcoming his gal-
lantry.

"Oh, cousin, I durst not stir! you
shut it quick—quick, or the wind will
blow out the candle!" and as she

spoke, Lena raised her little hand to
guard it from the strong draft, but in
her fright approached it so near that
the light was extinguished.

In the meanwhile Ichabod had
summoned courage to rise for the
purpose of closing the door, but as he
did so, he was prostrated by some in-
visible power. It was some seconds
ere he dared to open his eyes, and
when he did so, no wonder he almost
swooned with fright—for there in the
very arm chair of Mr. Van Tassel sat
Von Geison, defunct, according to
custom all in white, with a crimson
mark from ear to ear, defining the
skill of young Madam Von Geison—
and behold, while the teeth of Ichabod
were chattering, his eyeballs di-
verted, and his whole frame quaking
with terror, another ghost glided be-
hind the chair and flourished around
the ghastly brow of Von Geison a
gleaming blade.

Flesh and blood could stand it no
longer. With a heavy groan poor
Ichabod bade farewell to conscious-
ness. When at length he recovered
his shattered senses, he was alone—
the fire was out, all but a few fast-
decaying embers—and the storm
raged more furious than ever. How
Ichabod survived that night he could
never tell; but the morning found
him a wiser man, as we shall present-
ly see.

CHAPTER V.

At the bottom of a steep hill, about
a mile from Van Tassel's, stood the
small little house of Brom Dunder-
berg, the miller. He had many good-
ly sons and daughters, but the eldest
and the prettiest was buxom Patty.
Such a pair of eyes, such rosy cheeks
and such a plump, round figure, one
does not often see, and as merry
withal as she was comely. And a gay
it was, whom, in his night's medita-
tion, Ichabod had settled should be-
come Mrs. Van Tassel.

It was Sunday night, and all the
family of the Dunderbergs, little and
great, were seated around the super-
table, when the good dame, hap-
pening to raise her eyes to the window,
exclaimed—

"What upon earth is that yonder?"

And well might she ask the ques-
tion, for just at that moment Ichabod
appeared upon the summit of the hill,
mounted on a high, raw-boned animal,
his cloak fluttering behind him,
and his long, lank frame lit up by the
beams of the setting sun.

"Why, that's Ichabod Van Tassel,
mother," quoth a youngster.

"That's him!" shouted another.

"Where upon earth is he going, and
this Sunday night?" said the miller.

But that matter was soon settled
by the person in question stopping
his horse before the miller's own door,
and deliberately fastening him to a post.

"Sakes alive, Patty, what does he
want?" exclaimed the dame; but Pat-
ty pursed her pretty mouth, and
tossed her little head, protesting she
did not care what he wanted—not she.

And then such a giggling and whis-
pering among the young ones, and so
many sly pinches as those plump
arms of Patty had to endure, as Ichabod
entered and drew up a chair to
the table, for all the world like one
of the family. At length the mischiev-
ous rogues were sent to bed, and
Dame Dunderberg, giving the good
man a significant wink said:

"I reckon you may as well put out
that horse!" almost pushed him be-
fore her from the room; and Ichabod
and the blushing Patty were left to-
gether.

Now Ichabod was bashful, and I
cannot deny it, but the fear of the
ghost proved stronger than the fear
of a pretty girl—so, after much blush-
ing and stammering, and many sage
remarks about the crops, and the
season, and the probable degrees of
the weather next week, he at last
managed to pop the question—"Will
you marry me, Patty? Good girl!
she was none of your tantalizing
damsels, who take days and weeks to
consider for themselves, never once
taking into view the cruel suspense
they are inflicting upon their lovers
—not she—so she frankly said "Yes,"
at once, and the kiss which sealed the
compact was given in such right good
earnest, that it awoke old Chanticleer
in the hen house, who forthwith pro-
claimed his satisfaction by a long-
drawn "cock-a-doodle do!"

Dated from that Sunday night, the
ghost, finding his solemn warnings
had produced the desired results, and
considering his duty faithfully done,
like a prudent and sensible ghost,
who did not wish to trouble either
himself or others unnecessarily, suf-
fered Ichabod to pursue the "even
tenor of his way" unmolested. In
consequence of which the young man
gave exceedingly jocose and merry—
a mood so strange for one of his cal-
ibre, as filled his friends with wonder.
In particular when he witnessed the
preparations going on for his wed-
ding with Lena, it would seem he
could hardly restrain his mirth.

There was evidently a good joke
about to come off. And more than
once when the unconscious Lena,
who had evidently made up her mind
to submit to the will of her uncle,
had innocently alluded to their future

happiness—he snapped his fingers,
brought his long legs round like a
"dancing Jack," and ran out of the
house to give vent to his mirth. Mr.
Van Tassel could only account for
such extravagance by recurring to
his own exuberant spirits when in his
bachelor days he was about to re-
ceive the hand of the late lamented
Dame Van Tassel. Paul, in short,
seemed to be the only one admitted
to the confidence of Ichabod, and
whatever the joke was, he did not ap-
pear a whit behind in its enjoyment,
and having been invited, as the read-
er already knows, to assist at the
wedding, almost took up his abode
under the haunted roof.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the New Year
dawned bright and glorious. It was
the wedding day, and long before the
sun's golden disk had peered through
the radiant curtains of the east, busy
feet and willing hands were already
afoot in the old mansion. Fires were
kindled in every room, the best par-
lor, never opened except on state
days, was now arranged in the order
befitting so momentous an occasion—
the coverings removed from the
high-back chairs and diminutive so-
fas—the claw tables newly polished,
and all around the low ceiling, and
above the Dutch shepherds and shep-
herdesses guarding their flocks here
and there upon the walls, were sus-
pended wreaths of evergreens, inter-
mixed with the bright scarlet berries
of the mountain ash.

Mr. Van Tassel, himself in buff
small clothes, white silk stockings,
(for he had donned his wedding suit),
high-heeled shoes, adorned with large
paste buckles, sky-blue coat, and a
gay silk waistcoat, flowered and
spangled, looked the fine old gentle-
man of olden times! To see how
briskly he stepped from room to
room, now rubbing his hands with
glee, now breaking forth into a merry
song, one would have thought he
himself the happy bridegroom. But,
by the bye, where was the bridegroom?

Paul had arrived betimes, and as
the appointed hour drew near, the
neighbors began to flock in, and
along the snow laden fences, and
under the old shed, were fastened the
horses of all the "Vans" for miles
around. The Dunderbergs arrived,
and Lena was there, blushing like a rose,
another pretty little bridemaid, too,
but that important personage, the
bridegroom, had not yet made his ap-
pearance. The old gentleman grew
impatient—it did not take him so
long to dress when he was married—
no, indeed! And at length, in a per-
fect fever of vexation, he threw open
the door of Ichabod's bed-room,
where he supposed him to be making
his toilet. But no Ichabod was there!
The memory of Paul seemed sudden-
ly revived:

"Ah! yes; now I remember he told
me he thought he should go after
Patty Dunderberg."

"Patty Dunderberg! what the—
excuse me, Dominie, has he to do
with Patty Dunderberg?" But as no
one seemed able to solve the ques-
tion, it remained unanswered. And
to be sure, in a few moments the best
cutter whirled to the door, and in it,
side by side, sat the triumphant bride-
groom and Miss Patty.

"My dear sir, let me open the door,"
exclaimed Paul, intercepting the old
gentleman as he was about to go into
the hall.

It was some moments ere he re-
turned, and then consternation sat
upon his brow. He first advanced
rapidly toward the bride, then turned
and approached the Dominie, and at
last, striking his forehead, as if in
great perplexity, he took the old gen-
tleman by the arm, and leading him
to a corner, whispered a few words
in his ear. Any one that has seen a
cheatnut burst from the glowing em-
bers, may form an idea of the bounce
with which Mr. Van Tassel reached
the centre of the room:

"Married! married! married to Pat-
ty Dunderberg! Where is he? Let
me come at him—I'll marry him!"

"Be not rash, my son!" said the
Dominie.

"Be patient, neighbor!" added an-
other.

"It can't be helped now!" sagely re-
marked a third. Paul, who had
quietly withdrawn, looking solemn as
a tombstone, now re-entered, with
the offending pair.

Ichabod had been instructed by his
friend to kneel and demand pardon
of his old father; but ere he could
double himself into the position re-
quired, he was suddenly undoubled
by a violent thrust from the exasper-
ated parent, while Patty, with cheeks
as red as the ribbons which decorated
her hair, dropped her little low court-
sey